

## **When You're Young and You're Dumb by Luddleston**

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**Summary:**

Lance is in Cuba for the summer, and Keith is stuck in their boring hometown, trying not to miss him so bad it hurts.

It's a little bit better when he's got Lance on the phone in the middle of the night.

## When You're Young and You're Dumb

### Author's Note:

So I was laying in bed the other day and I thought, you know what would be fun to write? Really awkward phone sex.

And it was. It was fun.

Lance was visiting his relatives in Cuba for the summer and it was awesome and Keith was very happy for him. He'd reminded himself of that three times in the past hour because he kept checking his phone and pouting when Lance hadn't texted him back.

Keith wasn't needy. He could handle three months without seeing Lance, especially when he was moving into the dorms at Kerberos U with Lance and Hunk next fall, and he'd have as much time with Lance as he wanted. So what if Lance was in a different country all summer and they couldn't sneak into the local pool after hours and make out in the water. So what if Matt brought his boyfriend over every day and spent movie night sitting on his lap and laughing at in-jokes about Lord of the Rings.

So what if he had to blast his window AC and wrap himself up as tight as he could in his blankets because he missed having Lance's arms around him while he slept.

Keith checked his phone again—nothing—and groaned, dropping his face into his pillow. He was supposed to be happy for Lance, not selfishly wishing he'd come back early. Lance was probably having a great time, hanging out with cousins he hadn't seen in years, spending all day at the beach, learning how to surf or whatever. And it wasn't like he was ignoring Keith—he sent him snapchats of the beautiful coastline on the daily—he was just busy. And Keith was so incredibly not-busy that he could *feel* every second Lance wasn't talking to him like a physical pain.

He didn't even have Pidge to distract him, because Pidge was at space camp and, quote, didn't have time for Keith's mopey ass, unquote.

Just as soon as Keith had decided he'd better just go to sleep instead of waiting on another text, his phone buzzed, the screen lighting up through his sheets. Keith took his damn time checking it, mostly because it was tangled in his blankets and not because he was playing it cool at all.

**Lance**

Hi baby! Call me?

Keith didn't think twice before dialing, jamming his headphones into his phone so he could talk to Lance on the mic instead of putting his phone against his face and learning exactly how oily his skin was.

Lance picked up on the third ring.

"Keith! How've you been?" He sounded just as bright and ecstatic to see him—well, hear him—as always, and Keith relaxed, his face finally relaxing into a smile.

"Hey, Lance. I'm good," he said, "how's Cuba?"

The mic picked up Lance's sigh, and Keith's smile widened. "*Hot*. Oh my god, I think I'm not used to the heat anymore, been living in the US too long. But the beach is *ah*-mazing, so awesome. I'm gonna become a mermaid."

"Career change?" Keith wound the cord to his headphones around his index finger and then let go, watching it unravel.

"Dude. Given the opportunity, I think anybody would be a mermaid," Lance said. "Geez. I've missed hearing your voice, babe. Wish you could be here with me."

"I think I'd get too sunburned," Keith joked. It was almost enough to disguise the way his voice cracked in the middle of, "I miss you, too."

Lance also sounded a little emotional when he said, "yeah, well, get ready, 'cuz when I come back, I'm gonna kiss you for like three days straight to make up for it."

"I'll hold you to that," Keith said, because he couldn't articulate how much he wanted to be *with* Lance, to be able to roll over in the middle of the night and curl up with him, to kiss him goodnight, and then do it again and again until they were passing up "makeout session" and hurtling toward "sexual encounter," to be able to pull Lance's T-shirt off and feel the heat of his skin like Lance was feeling the sun beaming down on the equator. "Wish you could be here, too."

"No offense, but I'd rather have you in Cuba than go wherever you're at," Lance said. "Well. Unless you're in your bed."

Keith could *hear* him wiggling his eyebrows. "You know, it's funny; I am, actually, in my bed."

He wasn't sure if he heard the way Lance sucked in a breath or if he just imagined it. "Keith," Lance said, his voice deep the way it went when Keith had been kissing him for a while. Had it really been so long that just talking about it got him there? "Baby. What would you do if I was there?"

He blanked, not because he couldn't think of anything, but because he was hit with every single thing he wanted to do all at once. "I, uh..." he said, helplessly lost in a mental-image-stream of memories of Lance's O-face.

"Wanna know what I'd want to do if I had you here?" Lance asked.

"Yeah," Keith said, his voice rasping. He didn't have to be quiet, Pidge wasn't home and asleep on the other side of his wall, but he dropped to a whisper anyway.

"I'd want to be pinned underneath you," he said, which was, honestly, probably what would happen anyways, "kissing you. Like, *really* kissing you, with tongue, and with that thing where you bite my lip and pull away a little bit and then kiss me again—you know, that one?"

He did, and he also knew the exact sound it got out of Lance, a convincing replica of which was coming through his headphones. "Yeah," Keith said, kicking the blanket off his legs, starting to get hard in his boxers just from listening to Lance moaning over the phone. "I'd wanna kiss your neck,

though," he ventured, and it dragged another sound from Lance. Keith wondered if the hickies he'd given him in the airport bathroom were still there. "I'd leave marks," he said, just in case they weren't.

"Yeah you would," Lance said. "Fuck, Keith. This is kinda hot."

"Are we having phone sex?" Keith asked, accidentally pulling one of his earbuds out as he continued to fidget with the cord.

"I mean, right now I think we're having phone foreplay." He heard rustling, like Lance was moving around on his bed. Or taking his clothes off.

Keith ran his tongue over his lips and it didn't make his mouth any less dry. "Are you," he started, "are you naked?"

"Nah. Still in my pajamas. Why? Are *you* naked?"

"No," Keith said, "but I went to bed just wearing boxers, so."

"What color?"

Keith rolled his eyes. "Do you need to know?"

"Yes!" Lance said, insistent, "I need to get an accurate mental picture of what I'm getting off to, Keith, tell me what you're doing."

He swore just the concept of Lance getting off made him a little bit harder. "I'm laying on my bed," he said, still pretty sure it wasn't enough description for Lance, "and I'm wearing my boxers. They're black, by the way."

"Oh my god, gimme details, man," Lance said. "Here, okay, I'll tell you what I'm doing: I'm sitting up, I've got my pillows all stacked up and stuff, and I've got my legs spread, like you could sit between them, yeah?" Yeah. He got it. "And I'm in a T-shirt and my pajama pants—" Keith swore he could hear Lance grin like an asshole, "—no underwear."

"Okay, uh," Keith said, still not as good with words or precisely-timed descriptions of how naked he was as Lance, "I'm laying on my back, and

I've got my headphones plugged into my phone and, uh, I'm mostly just fucking with those and tying them in knots and stuff."

"You're adorable. I've got you on speaker, by the way. There's a window right behind my bed so I can set my phone on the sill there and talk to you. So, uh, if anybody catches me doing this, they're gonna catch you too, dude."

"Very reassuring," Keith said.

"Mm. Go back to the part where you're kissing my neck," Lance ordered.

"Alright, yeah, so, I'd kiss your neck and then... Hey. Do you still have, uh, do you still have marks? I know it's been a week and all, but..."

"No, I don't," Lance whined, and Keith could imagine his pout, "you have to give me more."

Keith sat up on his elbows and tugged the waistband of his boxers down an inch to check, and yeah, the bruise was still there, faded green but not completely gone. "I still have the one on my hip from the night before you left," he said, "from right before you blew me and went down so far you accidentally swallowed it when I came, remember?" Keith skated his fingertips over the shape of his cock in his boxers, but didn't touch it again, waiting on Lance.

"Yeah, babe, I remember. Shit, you really bruise good, don't you?" More shuffling, like Lance was sinking down into his stack of pillows. "Keith, are you hard? I'm so hard, god."

"Yeah," he said, squeezing his cock, running his palm over himself, "Lance, are you, um, are you touching yourself?"

Lance laughed and said, "yes, dude, I've had my hand down my pants for the past five minutes, keep up."

"Fine," Keith said, yanking his boxers down, before remembering he should maybe tell Lance. "I'm taking my underwear off, okay?"

"Mm-hm." Lance sounded like he was talking from inside his shirt. "Okay, I've got my shirt off, what do you want to do to me now?"

"I wanna take your pants off," Keith said, because he wanted Lance to get *naked* already, wanted him to work himself up to the point where he was moaning and sighing while he touched himself for Keith. *God*, Keith had done it with Lance plenty of times, but he didn't think he'd ever thought anything that dirty about him.

"Aww. I was gonna suggest some nipple-play, but pants it is."

"What!? No. No way," Keith said, face going red even though there was nobody there to witness his embarrassment. "I just. No. I could *not* say that into a phone." He was pretty sure aliens were listening in on human telecommunications anyway, and he didn't want any extraterrestrials hearing him talk about his boyfriend's nipples, of all things.

"Okay, I have my pants off," Lance said.

Keith's brain stalled for what, the third, fourth time that night? "Okay. Uh. Now what?"

"You know," Lance said, "I got this weird gross boy-urge to send you a dick pic just now. And I'm like, what the fuck, Lance, he already knows what your dick looks like."

Keith grinned, and wasn't sure if Lance could hear his quiet laugh. "Yeah, we're acquainted. Also, I probably shouldn't have dick pics on my phone. Pidge knows my password."

"Okay, new rule, no talking about anybody's siblings while we're doing phone-sex."

"Right, yeah, good rule. Uh. What are we supposed to do now?" Keith's hand rested on his thigh, hesitating.

"I'm gonna guess probably masturbate," Lance said, "except with more dirty talk. Or just with saying the dirty talk out loud, because I think of some

seriously good shit while I jerk off."

"Like *what*?" Keith asked, and it was supposed to be a jab at Lance's train of thought while he was jerking off, but it didn't exactly translate.

Either that, or Lance was just ignoring Keith's teasing, because he pitched his voice down to a whisper again and Keith was starting to regret wearing headphones, because he could hear Lance saying, "I dunno, like maybe begging you to tell me how good I'm taking it?" right in his ear.

He groaned, half-sitting up to reach into the drawer beside his bed and yank out a thing of lotion, which was almost empty. *Not* because Keith was a horny teenager, but because he had really dry hands. "Okay, yeah, what else?"

He could hear Lance swallow, could hear how ragged his exhale was before, "god, Keith, *fuck* me."

Shit, he wished he could. It had taken him a while, but Lance had figured out he liked bottoming, and then he figured out he *really* liked bottoming, and now he was begging for Keith's cock up his ass over the phone. It was driving Keith crazy, and he jerked himself a little faster than he normally would, considering he'd just started. But he could hear a whine and a moan, could imagine Lance's long fingers stroking his cock so vividly it almost made his mouth water.

"God, I wish I had lube," Lance said, sounding mournful, "I really wanna finger myself right now."

Keith's heartbeat stuttered and his hand tightened on his cock. "You could, uh. Lick your fingers. Just, you know. Touch it."

"It." Apparently, talking into his headphones instead of directly to Lance made him incapable of saying anything even remotely dirty. Seriously. Couldn't even get the word "asshole" out there. Keith would've been more annoyed with himself, though, if he couldn't hear Lance sucking on his fingers.

"How does it feel?"

"It's alright," Lance said, but the weight of his breathing made it seem a little more than alright. "Wish it was you, though. Wish I had you pushing your fingers into me, or, or sitting on my lap, rubbing your cock against mine. Would you like that?"

"Fuck yeah," he said, pushing his thumb against the head of his cock, "of course I'd like that. Shit, Lance, when you get home..."

"Tell me, baby, what're you gonna do to me?" Lance asked, then moaned around a word that sounded suspiciously like *Keith*.

"I'm gonna *fuck you*," he said, "I'm gonna take you apart, baby, make you mine all over again. Blow you and fuck you on my fingers until you come, kiss you 'til you're hard again, then let you, I'll let you bounce on my cock until I come inside you—" he stopped short of another thought, his face so red it burned, feeling distinctly like he needed to wash his own mouth out with soap. But Lance was swearing and moaning for him through his headphones, so it must've been pretty good, as far as dirty talk went.

"Keith, Keith, I need you inside me so bad," Lance whined, and Keith could feel his heartbeat in his *dick* now, he was so keyed up. He had both hands on himself now, still stroking his cock while he reached between his thighs, squeezing his balls, pressing his middle finger against his perineum.

"I'm close already," Keith said, his thumb slipping through the pre-come collecting on the head of his cock, lighting up all his nerve endings.

"Me too, baby, it's so—" he cut off the end of his own sentence with a long moan.

"You're doing so good, Lance," Keith said, "you're so *loud*. You're gonna make me come just off the noises you're making and, and, how hot I bet you are, spreading your legs and touching yourself for me."

He couldn't entirely understand what Lance was saying for a second, god, he must've been so far gone—wait, no, that one was on Lance, he was

speaking Spanish. Keith wasn't sure what it meant, but it was probably something good.

"Lance," Keith groaned, "are you gonna come for me? Fuck, I bet you look so pretty right now, I wanna make you come so bad, wanna hear you—wish I could be touching you—touching your dick the same way I'm, I'm touching mine right now."

Keith was fucking his own fist now, imagining the way Lance was probably arched off the bed, muscles tight as he dragged himself closer and closer to orgasm, completely naked in a mess of sweaty sheets, his head tipped toward the phone so Keith could hear him.

Lance said Keith's name when he came. He usually just swore, gorgeous and filthy, and wordlessly cried or screamed or sobbed as he tipped over the edge, but this time, it was just Keith's name, over and over, and he said it like he was saying the word *please*. As he came down, he whispered, "I love you, I love you, I love you," breathless and spent, like the more he said it, the closer he'd be to actually whispering it in Keith's ear.

It was the "I love you"s that had Keith's cock spilling hot over his fingers, and he only had half the mind to drag his hand up onto his naked belly so he didn't drip come all over the sheets.

"Holy shit, Keith," Lance wheezed, "I didn't know you had that in you."

"Huh?"

"Your mouth is *filthy*, babe. God, I wish I'd like, recorded that."

"What? No! Don't record that!" Keith yelled, yanking a couple tissues out of the box on his nightstand.

"Eh, probably for the best," Lance said, "that's gonna be giving me hard-ons for weeks as it is."

"Yeah, well." Keith scrubbed at the back of his hand. "You were really hot, too. I mean, it's one thing imagining you naked... It's, uh, it's a super

different thing *knowing* you're completely naked on the other end of the phone and you're, well. Doing stuff."

"I mean, not completely naked."

"What?" He paused, crumpled tissues in his hand, ready to get up and walk them to the trash can.

"Oh, Keith. Boy, you're gonna have to change your mental picture of everything I was just doing," Lance said, sounding, once again, like he had a shit-eating grin on.

"What."

The shit-eating-grin tone intensified to maximum asshole-ish-ness. "Babe. I've had my socks on this whole time."

Keith groaned and just chucked the tissues somewhere, flopping back onto his bed and deciding to deal with that in the morning when he didn't have a boyfriend who was a complete dick talking to him. He yanked his blankets back over himself and held the mic up to his face so that Lance would hear him say, "*you fucking dumbass.*" as loud as possible.

Lance laughed his way through, "I love you too, Keith."

"Yeah, yeah. Goodnight. I love you." His heart squeezed a little in his chest. "I miss you."

"I'll be home soon," Lance said, "you can tell me to keep my goddamn socks off during sex in person, okay?"

"Thank fuck."

### **Author's Note:**

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